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A CONDENSED HISTORY OF THE
WALDENSES AND ALBIGENSES.

No. II.

About the year 1440, Evervinus, of Stainfield, in Germany, addressed a letter to the celebrated St. Bernard, concerning the heretics in the vales of Piedmont; complaining that they said the church of God was among themselves, because they alone followed the pattern of Christ, "*that they do not hold the baptism of infants, nor place confidence in the intercession of saints nor admit of any purgatory fire after death, &c.*" and desiring that he would "employ his care and watchfulness against these manifold mischiefs."

Bernard was excited by this letter to prepare himself for the combat. He was then publishing a set of sermons on the Songs of Solomon, and in the 65th and 66th of them he enters the lists most vehemently with these heretics. He was extremely offended with them for denying baptism to infants, and upbraids them for security in the observance of their religious rites. He, however, was constrained to testify many things in favour of their Christian character.

VOL. I.

Egbert, a monk, speaks of this people under the name of Cathari, [*Puritans*] and says, that "they were increased to *great multitudes throughout all countries.*" He takes particular notice of their denying the utility of baptism to infants, "which, (say they) through their incapacity, avails nothing to their salvation."

Towards the middle of the twelfth century, a small society of these *Puritans* or *Waldenses*, made their appearance in England, where they were apprehended, and brought before a council of clergy at Oxford. Being interrogated as to their sentiments, which were found to be contrary to the received doctrines of the church, Dr. Henry says they were condemned as incorrigible heretics, and delivered over to the secular arm to be punished. The King, Henry II. at the instigation of the clergy, commanded them to be branded with a red hot iron on the forehead, to be whipped through the streets of Oxford, and having their clothes cut short by their girdles, to be turned into the open fields, all persons being forbidden to afford them any shelter or relief, under the severest penalties. This cruel sentence was executed in its utmost rigour; and it being the depth

of winter, all these unhappy persons, to the number of 30, perished with cold and hunger. These seem to have been the first who suffered death in Britain, for the vague and variable crime of heresy; and it would have been much to the honour of that country if they had been the last.

Thus, these innocent, but unfortunate people, were abused, and persecuted, and put to death. But they endured their fiery trials with Christian meekness and patience, and if the acts of their preaching, their lives and their martyrdom, were distinctly and faithfully recorded, there can be no doubt but that we should find in them the genuine successors of the primitive Christians. In their case, truly, "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church."

"Thrice hail, ye faithful shepherds of the fold,

By tortures unsubdued, unbribed by gold:

In your high scorn of honours, honoured most,

Ye choose the martyr's not the prelate's post;

Firmly the thorny path of suffering trod,

And counted death all gain to live with God."

Many attempts have been made to ascertain the origin of the distinguished appellation, Waldenses. The most satisfactory definition, is that given by Mr. Robinson in his *Ecclesiastical Researches*. He derives it from the Latin word *vallis*, or the Italian *valdesi*, which in English is defined valley. The term *Valdenses*, or *Waldenses*, then, signifies inhabitants of valleys and no more. Some have supposed these people so named, from Peter Waldo, one of their distinguished preachers; but the fact is, that he received his name of Val-

dus, or Waldo, because he derived his religious notions from the inhabitants of the valleys.

Among various other appellations bestowed on this class of Christians, was that of *Albigenses*. This became their common name in France, from the great number that inhabited the city of Alby, and the district of *Albigensis*, between the Garonne, and the Rhone; but that name was not general and confirmed till after the council of Alby, in the year 1254, which condemned them as heretics. Some writers have endeavoured to prove that the *Waldenses* and *Albigenses* were quite different classes of Christians, and had different principles and opinions; but there seems to be no solid ground for maintaining such a distinction. When the Popes issued their fulminations against the *Albigenses* they expressly condemned them as *Waldenses*; their legates made war against them as professing the faith of the *Waldenses*; the monks of the Inquisition formed their processes against them as being *Waldenses*; the people persecuted them as being such; and they uniformly adopted the title when given them, and even thought themselves honoured by it.

From the death of Claude, Bishop of Turin, to the times of Peter Waldo, of Lyons, a considerable period intervened, during which the history of the disciples of the former is involved in much obscurity. It was not till the twelfth century, that the *Vaudois* or *Waldenses* appear in ecclesiastical history as a people obnoxious to the church of Rome. At the close of this century, a great reformation was begun at Lyons, under the preaching and labours of Peter Waldo, His disciples, which

were very numerous, soon became incorporated with the "Christians of the valleys," and lost their appellation of Leonists, in the more general term of Waldenses.

But a short history of this great man may here be not uninteresting. He was an opulent merchant of the city of Lyons, where the Gospel was preached with great success in the second century. But all traces of pure religion had disappeared, and Lyons, in the times of Waldo, was sunk into a state of the grossest darkness and superstition. A most pernicious practice of idolatry was connected with the reception of the doctrine of transubstantiation, which was required by the court of Rome to be acknowledged by all men. Men fell down before the consecrated wafer, and worshipped it as God; an abomination, the absurdity and impiety of which forcibly struck the mind of Waldo, who opposed it in a most courageous manner. But although his common sense as well as conscience revolted against this novel piece of superstition, he seems not to have had much sense of religion upon his mind. An extraordinary occurrence in Providence, the sudden death of a friend, was the means of awakening his mind to a consideration of the "one thing needful." His attention was led to the Scriptures, the only edition of which, then in Europe, was the Latin Vulgate. In this language, very few, of course, were able to read. Waldo, having gained peace and joy to his own mind, was desirous of communicating to others a participation of that happiness which he himself enjoyed. One of the first objects of his pursuit, having abandoned his former calling, was to supply the poor, who resorted to him for alms, with

the word of life. He translated the Bible into French, and taught its doctrines with zeal and boldness. This was the first translation of the Bible into a modern tongue.

While Waldo taught the truth in its simplicity, and enforced its practical influence on the heart and life, he raised his voice loudly against the errors of the national church, condemning the arrogance of the Pope, and the reigning vices of the clergy. The consequences of all this may be supposed by a reflecting mind. The Archbishop of Lyons became indignant, and forbade the new reformer to teach any more on pain of excommunication. By mere threats, however, Waldo was not to be intimidated. He gathered a church and continued teaching. Pope Alexander III, no sooner heard of such heretical proceedings, than he anathematized Waldo and his adherents, and commanded the Archbishop to proceed against them with the utmost rigour. The reformer and his flock were now compelled to quit Lyons and a dispersion took place. He himself retired into Dauphiny, where he preached the Gospel with considerable success. Persecuted from place to place, he afterward retired to Picardy thence to Germany, carrying with him the glad tidings of salvation. According to Thuanus, he at length settled in Bohemia, where he finished his course in the year 1179, after a ministry of nearly 20 years. He was evidently a man of very singular endowments, and qualified by God, for eminent usefulness in his kingdom. Most of his people fled for an asylum into the valleys of Piedmont, taking with them the new translation of the Bible.

The persecution of Waldo and

his followers, with their flight from Lyons, is an epoch in the annals of the Christian church, not much less remarkable, than that of the dispersion of the church at Jerusalem, on the occasion of the death of Stephen. Wherever they went, they sowed the seeds of reformation. The countenance and blessing of Heaven accompanied them. The word of God grew and multiplied, not only in the places where Waldo himself had planted it, but in more distant regions. In Alsace and along the Rhine, the doctrines of Waldo spread extensively. Persecutions ensued—35 citizens of Mentz were burned in one fire at the city of Bingen, and 18 at Mentz itself. The bishops of Mentz and Strasburg breathed nothing but vengeance and slaughter against them; and at the latter city, where Waldo himself narrowly escaped apprehension, 80 persons were committed to the flames. In the treatment and in the behaviour of the Waldenses, were renewed the scenes of Martyrdom of the second century. Multitudes died praising God and in the confident hope of a blessed resurrection. Persecutions, however, contributed to the advancement of the reformation. In Bulgaria, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Hungary, churches were planted, which flourished throughout the thirteenth century. These churches are said to have been raised chiefly by the labours of one Bartholomew, a native of Circassone, a city not far distant from Toulouse, in the south of France, and which may not be improperly termed the metropolis of the Albigenses. In Bohemia, and in the country of Passau, it has been computed that there were not less than 80,000 of this class of Christians in the year 1315. Soon we

shall find that in vast numbers they were spread throughout almost every country in Europe.

It can excite no surprise that their increasing numbers should rouse the court of Rome, to adopt the most vigorous measures for suppressing them. The Inquisition had not been established; but council after council had been convened in France; and about 20 years after Waldo was driven from Lyons, a persecuting edict was issued from Rome, excommunicating "the poor of Lyons" and all others who like them, rejected the degrading superstitions of popery, and condemning them "to lie under a perpetual anathema."

Ildefonsus, King of Arragon, also testified his zeal against the Waldenses, by an edict published in the year 1194, from the tenour of which we are authorised to infer, that the doctrine of Waldo had not only found its way into Spain, but that it had gained so many adherents as to create no little alarm, and call forth the determined interference of the government.

No. III.

In connexion with the history of the dreadful persecutions and complicated sufferings, which came upon the Waldenses in consequence of their adherence "to the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus," it will be proper to take a glance at the origin, the establishment, and the operation of that monstrous system of cruelty and oppression, gently called by the Catholics. "the Holy Office," though better known among Protestants by the name of the Inquisition.

Until the year 1200, the papal chair being then filled by innocent III., the terms "Inquisition into

heresy," and "Inquisitor," were not much, if at all, heard of. The Pope, suspicious that his Bishops and vicars were not diligent in the discharge of their duty respecting the extirpation of heresy, instituted at this time, two new orders of regulars, those of St. Dominic and St. Francis, both zealously devoted to the church, and consisting of persons with whom the advancement of Christianity, and the exaltation of the pontifical power, were always synonymous terms. To St. Dominic, the honour of first suggesting the erection of this extraordinary court is commonly ascribed. He was born in the year 1170, descended from an illustrious Spanish family. He was educated for the priesthood, and grew up the most fiery and the most bloody of mortals. Before his time every bishop was a sort of inquisitor in his own diocese; but Dominic contrived to incorporate a body of men, independent of every human being except the Pope, for the express purpose of ensnaring and destroying Christians. Having succeeded in his diabolical designs, and formed a racelike himself first called preaching, and then Dominican, friars, he died in his bed, was canonized for a saint, worshipped as a divinity, and proposed as a model of piety and virtue to succeeding generations! "Never (says Dr. Geddes) was there such a rabble as a Spanish saint-roll." Saints with a vengeance, for all their steps to paradise were marked with human blood.

The inquisitors, at first, had no tribunals; but when they detected heretics, pronounced sentence upon them, and the secular arm was always in readiness to execute. But because the bishops were not

always equally zealous and cruel, these Dominicans assumed the power, and proceed to the bloody work with infuriated zeal. This class has ever since furnished the world with a set of inquisitors, compared to whom, all that had ever dealt in tortures, in any former times, according to bishop Burnet, "were mere bunglers."

The efforts of the inquisitors were greatly assisted by Frederic II. Emperor of the Romans, who, in the year 1224, promulgated, from Padua, four edicts against heretics, of the most ferocious description. The object of these bloody edicts was chiefly to destroy the Waldenses, who were denounced in them as guilty of high treason, and condemned to be punished with the loss of life, and of goods, and their memory to be rendered infamous.

Pope Innocent IV. endeavoured to establish the inquisition on a permanent foundation. It was every where entrusted to the care of Dominican friars. But many of the most populous states, that were subjected to the see of Rome, never permitted the establishment of this tribunal among them. In France it was early introduced, but soon after expelled, in such a manner, as effectually to preclude a renewal of the attempt. Nor has it been alike severe in every place into which it has been introduced. In Spain and Portugal this scourge and disgrace to humanity has for centuries glared with its most frightful aspect—in Rome it has been much more tolerable. This can be accounted for on principles of worldly wisdom. Papal avarice has served to counterbalance papal tyranny. The wealth of modern Rome has arisen very much from the constant re-

sort of strangers from all countries and of all denominations, and chiefly those of the higher ranks. Nothing could have more effectually checked that resort, and of course the influx of riches into that capital, than such a horrid tribunal as that which existed at Lisbon and Madrid, and which diffused a terror that was felt to the utmost confines of Portugal and Spain.

“Exclusive of the cruel punishments inflicted by the holy office, (says a late writer) it may be truly affirmed, that the inquisition is a school of vice. There the artful judge, grown old in habits of subtlety, along with the sly secretary, practises his cunning in interrogating a prisoner to fix a charge of heresy. Now he fawns and then he frowns; now he soothes, and then looks dark and angry; sometimes affects to pity and to pray, at other times, insults, and bullies, and talks of racks and dungeons, flames and the damnation of hell. One while he lays his hand upon his heart, and sheds tears, and promises and protests he desires not the death of a sinner, but would rather that he would turn and live; and all that he can do he will do for the discharge, aye, for the preferment of his imprisoned brother. Another while he discovers himself as deaf as a rock, false as the wind, and cruel as the poison of asps.”*

We cannot, probably, give a more correct view of the horrors and wickedness of this iniquitous tribunal, than is contained in the following extract from Jones’ History, with which I shall complete the present number.

“In no country has the operation of this dreadful court of spiritual despotism been more strikingly exemplified than in Spain. The subject has been placed in the most instructive point of view by two accurate and elegant modern historians,† and their reflections upon it are so just and natural, that as it cannot be unacceptable to the reader, I shall give the substance of what they have said.

The court of inquisition which, although it was not the parent, has been the nurse and guardian of ignorance and superstition in every kingdom into which it has been admitted, was introduced into Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, and was principally intended to prevent the relapse of the Jews and Moors, who had been converted, or who pretended to be converted, to the faith of the church of Rome. Its jurisdiction, however, was not confined to the Jews and Moors, but extended to all those who in their practice or opinions differed from the established church. In the united kingdoms of Castille and Arragon, there were 18 different inquisitorial courts, having each of them its counsellors termed apostolical inquisitors; its secretaries, serjeants, and other officers; and besides these there were 20,000 familiars dispersed throughout the kingdom, who acted as spies and informers, and were employed to apprehend all suspected persons, and commit them for trial to the prisons which belonged to the inquisition. By these familiars, persons were seized on bare suspicion, and in contradiction to the established rules of equity, they were put to the torture, tried and con-

* Robinson’s Ecclesiastical Researches. P. 277.

† Watson’s History of Philip II. King of Spain, and Robertson’s History of Charles V.

demned by the inquisitors, without being confronted, either with their accusers, or with the witnesses on whose evidence they were condemned. The punishments inflicted were more or less dreadful, according to the caprice and humour of the judges. The unhappy victims were either strangled, or committed to the flames, or loaded with chains, and shut up in dungeons during life—their effects confiscated, and their families stigmatized with infamy.

This institution was no doubt, well calculated to produce a uniformity of religious profession, but it had a tendency also to destroy the sweets of social life; to banish all freedom of thought and speech; to disturb men's minds with the most disquieting apprehensions, and to produce the most intolerable slavery, by reducing persons of all ranks in life to a state of abject dependence upon priests; whose integrity, were it even greater than that of other men, as in every false profession of religion it is less, must have been corrupted by the uncontrolled authority which they were allowed to exercise. By this tribunal a visible change was wrought in the temper of the people, and reserve, distrust and jealousy, became the distinguishing characteristics of a Spaniard. It confirmed and perpetuated the reign of ignorance and superstition; inflamed the rage of religious bigotry, and by the cruel spectacles to which in the execution of its decrees, it familiarized the people, it nourished in them that ferocious spirit, which, in the Netherlands and America, they manifested by deeds that have fixed an indelible reproach upon the Spanish name.

Authors of undoubted credit

affirm, and without the least exaggeration, that millions of persons have been ruined by this horrible court. Moors were banished a million at a time. Six or eight hundred thousand Jews were driven away at once, and their immense riches seized by their accusers, and distributed among their persecutors, while thousands dissembled, and professed themselves Christians, only to be harrassed in future. Heretics of all ranks and of various denominations were imprisoned and burnt, or fled into other countries. The gloom of despotism overshadowed all Spain. The people at first reasoned, and rebelled, and murdered the inquisitors—the aged murmured and died—the next generation fluttered and complained, but their successors were completely tamed by education; and the Spaniards are now trained up by their priests to shudder at the thought of thinking for themselves. That honour to his country and of human nature, the late Mr. Howard, says, when he saw the inquisition at Valladolid, "I could not but observe, that even the sight of it struck terror into the common people as they passed. It is styled, (he adds) by a monstrous abuse of words, the holy apostolic court of inquisition."

A simple narrative of the proceedings of the inquisition has shocked the world, and the cruelty of it has become proverbial. Nothing ever displayed so fully to the eyes of mankind the spirit and temper of the papal religion. "Christians (says Tertullian) were often called, not Christiani, Chrestiani from the gentleness of their manners and sweetness of their tempers." Jesus himself was the essence of mildness. His apostles were gentle, even as a nurse that

cherisheth her children. But what an awful contrast is exhibited in this horrid court of papal inquisitions. Let us hear the description which Voltaire, a very competent witness, gives of it. "Their form of proceeding (says he) is an infallible way to destroy whomsoever the inquisitors wish. The prisoners are not confronted with the accuser or informer. Nor is there any informer or witness who is not listened to. A public convict, a notorious malefactor, an infamous person, a common prostitute, a child, are, in the holy office, though no where else credible accusers and witnesses. Even the son may depose against his father, the wife against her husband. The wretched prisoner is no more made acquainted with his crime than with his accuser, and were he told the one, it might possibly lead him to guess the other. To avoid this, he is compelled, by tedious confinement in a noisome dungeon, where he never sees a face but the jailor's and is not permitted the use of either books or pen and ink—or should confinement alone not be sufficient, he is compelled by the most excruciating tortures, to inform against himself, to discover and confess the crime laid to his charge, of which he is often ignorant. This procedure, (says our historian) unheard of till the institution of this court, makes the whole kingdom tremble. Suspicion reigns in every breast.—Friendship and quietness are at an end. The brother dreads his brother, the father his son. Hence taciturnity has become the characteristic of a nation, endued with all the vivacity natural to the inhabitants of a warm and fruitful climate. To this tribunal we must likewise impute that profound

ignorance of sound philosophy, which Spain lies buried, whilst Germany, England, France, and even Italy, have discovered so many truths, and enlarged the sphere of our knowledge. Never is human nature so debased, as where ignorance is armed with power."*

But these melancholy effects of the inquisition are a trifle when compared with those public sacrifices, called *Auto da Fe*, or acts of faith, and to the shocking barbarities that precede them. A priest in a white surplice, or a monk who has vowed meekness and humility, causes his fellow-creatures to be put to the torture in a dismal dungeon. A stage is erected in the public market-place, where the condemned prisoners are conducted to the stake, attended with a train of monks and religious confraternities. They sing psalms, say mass, and butcher mankind. Were a native of Asia, to come to Madrid upon a day of an execution of this sort, it would be impossible for him to tell, whether it were a rejoicing, a religious feast, a sacrifice, or a massacre; and yet it is all this together! The kings, whose presence alone in other cases is the harbinger of mercy, assist at this spectacle uncovered, seated lower than the inquisitors, and are spectators of their subjects expiring in the flame. The Spaniards reproached Montezuma, with immolating his captives to his Gods; What would he have said, had he beheld an "*Auto da Fe*?"

It is but doing justice, however, to many Roman Catholic states, and to thousands of individuals belonging to that church, to say, that

* Voltaire's Universal History, Vol. 11. ch. cxviii.

they abhor this infernal tribunal, almost as much as do Protestants themselves. This is sufficiently evinced by the tumults which were excited in several parts of Italy, Milan, and Naples in particular, and afterwards in France as well as in other Catholic countries, by the attempts that were made to introduce it at first, and by its actual expulsion from some places, where, to all appearance, it was firmly established. It is indeed, matter of regret that any among the members of that church should have their minds so enslaved by prejudice as to imagine for a moment, that a despotism which required for its support such diabolical engines, could possibly be of heavenly origin. There is something in the very constitution of this tribunal so monstrously unjust, so exorbitantly cruel that it must ever excite one's astonishment, that the people of any country should have permitted its existence among them. How they could have the inconsistency to acknowledge a power to be from God which has found it necessary to recur to expedients so manifestly from hell, so subversive of every principle of sound morality and religion, can be regarded only as one of those contradictions, for which human characters, both individuals and nations, are often so remarkable. The wisdom that is from above is pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated full of mercy and good fruits without partiality, and without hypocrisy. But the policy of Rome, as displayed in the inquisition, is so strikingly characterized by that wisdom which is earthly, sensual, and devilish, that the person who needs to be convinced of it, seems to be altogether beyond the power of argument. Never

VOL. I.

were two systems more diametrically opposed in their spirit, their maxims and effects, than primitive Christianity and the religion of modern Rome? nor do heaven and hell, Christ and Belial, exhibit to our view a more glaring contrast."



LECTURE ON 1 PET. iv. 17.—19

VER. 17. *For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?*

At the time when this epistle was written, the principal trial of the Christian church was the reproach of her enemies, the Jews and Heathens. The apostle Peter, therefore, in the preceding context, suggests, under the influence of the Spirit, several considerations, (ver. 14. 15. 16.), to fortify their minds in bearing that formidable evil,—an evil more dreadful to many than all other things taken together. The considerations are to be viewed both in the light of arguments and motives; are taken from the illustrious Person for whose sake religion was reproached, as well as from the cause itself, which being new, and opposed to all the systems of error and iniquity existing on earth, of necessity exposed its friends to reproach and persecution. The apostle, moreover, in the verses before us, proceeds to unfold more affecting scenes, which were soon to pass over the Christian church. Ver. 17. *For the time is come*: The period referred to had not yet literally arrived, but it was present to the eye of the prophet, and was not far distant. It was a time pregnant with great events; Jerusalem was to be destroyed; the prophecies delivered

by Moses, Lev. xxvi. and Dent. xxviii. as well as the abridgement of these delivered by Christ himself, Matth. xxiv. were to be exactly fulfilled, in the ruin and dispersion of the Jews. The gospel was to be generally known; all the apostles with the exception of John, were to be gathered to their fathers. This period was to be remarkable for displays of God, in his wrath upon his enemies, and his care of his own elect, and was analogous to other periods of time in which remarkable things are exhibited to the view of his church, whether in judgment or mercy. In this period, *judgment must begin at the house of God.* The term *judgment* may either refer to temporal or spiritual strokes, to whatever affects the bodies or souls of men.—Sin is the cause of all these calamities, and the procedure of God, in relation to the subjects of these, is always judiciary; that is, they are always punishments for sin, but not always in wrath to those that suffer. Spiritual judgments generally precede those which are external or temporal. The apostle probably refers to temporal judgments, such as war, famine, pestilence, and the final extermination of the Jews from the promised land. These had not yet begun, but the relative situation of the Jews and Romans was hastening them on, and the Christians themselves, though not sufferers in the destruction of Jerusalem, were deeply involved in the troubles of these times.

The judgment began at the house of God. It began at the temple of God, Ezek. ix. 6. The temple, which was a wonder in the world, and long the peculiar residence of God upon earth, was thrown down, and not one stone of

it left upon another; but the Christian church, of which the temple was a type, is principally meant here. It began to be visited at this time, with trying dispensations of providence, for its correction and amendment, though, for the elect's sake, those days of tribulation were shortened. In the judgments beginning at the house of God, there are many useful instructions to be had, and several views of the divine government: Such a commencement clearly indicates his infinite holiness. His own church and people, otherwise so dear to him, are the first objects of his wrath. You only, have I known of all the families of the earth; and for this cause shall you escape with impunity? No;—*Therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities, Amos, iii. 2.* If God spared not his own Son, when he found him in the place of the guilty elect-world, shall his people escape when they sin against him? As a consequence of this, we learn from this part of the divine conduct, his infinite hatred at sin. He hates it wherever it is found, and especially when found in his own house. He suffers sin in the world, he bears long with wicked men, but he will not bear with sin in his church. He loves his people, their persons are accepted in the Beloved, and his church is the very apple of his eye; but their sins are infinitely odious to him. A man can endure a barren tree in his fields, but not in his orchard or garden. He can suffer filth on his dunghill, or at a distance from him, but not in his house nor attached to his person. The sins of his house are early discovered, and severely punished. No previous deliverances, no former gracious manifestations, can in any

future time screen his church from judgment, when new sins are committed. The sins of his people are highly aggravated, and therefore judgment begins first at them.

Their sins are of no common sort; they are not only perfidy, but breach of covenant. They excite the divine jealousy are committed against his grace in Christ, against his sensible comforts and their own experience. The God of this house will not permit disorder to obtain in the place called by his name. In executing judgment first upon his own house, he stops the mouths of his enemies, answers all their objections against his procedure, and points out, by a dreadful appeal to their senses, what doom awaits them, when his own people are the first monuments of his vengeance. The judgements executed upon the church are tempered with mercy, have a fixed duration, and a blessed issue; but the punishments of the wicked are in unmixed indignation, and shall never cease.

The inference drawn by the apostle, in this verse, is very striking and important; *If it first begin at us, what shall the end be of those who obey not the gospel of God?* If the judgment begin at the saints, who are the objects of divine favour, who have the grace of God in their hearts, who have the promises to comfort them in all their tribulations, and who commonly suffer in a good cause, what shall the end of sinners be? If those who believe the gospel are first afflicted, what punishments await those who reject and despise it? The end of all sinners is dreadful, but the end of gospel-despisers must be peculiarly tremendous. If Sodom, if Jerusalem, that resembled Sodom in wickedness, had a fearful end,

what shall the end of America be? If such be the fate of places less favoured with means of grace, what shall be the doom of those churches, and of particular places long blessed with the light of the everlasting gospel? The Spirit of God reveals not in this passage, the apostle describes not, the doom of the wicked in a future state; a curtain is drawn between us and that place where the punishments of sinners are certain and eternal. We are left to conceive what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of a living God.

VER. 18. *And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?* These words are affecting in their sound, but more affecting in their sense. In their literal meaning they are commonly supposed to refer to the deliverance of the Christians from the ruin brought upon the Jews in the destruction of Jerusalem. While the Jews exasperated the Romans, by their frantic obstinacy and unavailing resistance to their arms, the christians found safety in a timeous flight to Pella, on the left bank of the river Jordan. Whether this was the effect of natural prudence, or done, as some think, in consequence of an express warning from God, it equally demonstrates the care of Providence toward them, and the truth of Christ's promise, Luke xxi. 18. that in that awful catastrophe, so fatal to the Jews, not a hair of their head should perish. But even then the friends of Christ were scarcely saved: In their flight they were nearly in contact with some of the enemy's victorious legions, and their abode in Pella was precarious and of short duration. But these words must be applied to a salvation, more extensive and

more durable than the deliverance of the Christians of that period from outward calamities; even to the eternal salvation of the church. The work of salvation is a work of immense difficulty, but the difficulty is not on God's part; for a being of infinite perfection knows no impossibility and no difficulty. His counsels are eternal, and cannot be frustrated; his promises certain, and cannot fail. The Saviour is able to save to all perfection, and the Holy Ghost is able to substantiate in the church all the love of the Father, and grace of the Son. The difficulty, therefore, lies on the part of the righteous themselves: Not as if there were any hazard as to the event; for none of them ever perished; nothing can separate them from his love, or finally obstruct their salvation. But considering the great difficulties in their way to heaven, and these difficulties aggravated by their fears, their salvation is a miracle to themselves and to others. How great their work, how small their strength, how numerous and powerful their enemies! and yet "the feeble saint shall gain the day, though hell and earth obstruct the way." The sinner is almost saved, and the saint is almost lost, and yet neither event ever takes place. And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear? This inference is of the same kind with that in the former verse and is awfully important. How shall these sinners appear before God in the day of judgement? where shall they stand or what shall be their confidence, when heaven and earth shall have passed away? Where shall the Jews who murdered the Saviour, appear? If they who work out their salvation with

fear and trembling are scarcely saved, what shall be their doom who neglect and despise the divine Saviour!

Ver. 19. *Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.* The apostle concludes his exhortations in a manner highly consolatory; the sufferers needed consolation, and here it is found; their sufferings were supposed to be according to the will of God, and were of his appointment, for his cause, and for his glory, the cause was divine, and the consolations were spiritual and efficacious, their sufferings were weighed and measured by their heavenly Father, their minds who endured them enjoyed a quiet and serenity which nothing could ruffle; their natural lives were preserved in Pella, their souls were kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. It is a duty of infinite importance, to commit our souls into the hands of God; he *can* keep them, for he is a Creator; he *will* keep them, for he is a faithful Creator. He is a God in covenant, as well as the God of the spirits of all flesh. In him there is eternal safety. None can touch the people who are his peculiar charge. While they have work to do for him, they are immortal; while he holds their souls in life, they cannot be killed; their life is bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord their God, and as saints, because Christ lives, they shall live also. Dependence upon God is folly and impiety, when it is not connected with well-doing; we cannot trust God with our natural lives, if we neglect the means he hath appointed for their preservation; nor with our souls, if we neglect to follow that holiness

without which no man can see the Lord.

OBSERVATIONS.

1. The times and seasons of the church are in the hand of God. That this is the case, is a singular felicity to churches and to individuals. With futurity we have nothing to do, as that futurity is kept in our Father's power. Our time is always ready, but not his. The day of prosperity and adversity are contrasted or set over the one against the other, to the intent that God should be known as the author of both. Societies and individuals have their days of prosperity; but for their abuse of these halcyon days, adversity succeeds. The Jews had quietness for a good while before they were conquered by the Romans, but the time came when the day of the Lord, in their punishment, hastened greatly. It may be so also with us: Notwithstanding our church now enjoys peace, the time may soon come, when judgements shall begin at us, and what if they have already begun!

2. That saints ought to be quick-sighted, to discover what is coming on themselves and others. They are not pastors, who desire the evil day, who foresee and foretell the judgements of God, which are to fall upon wicked men: These are but the natural issues of things. We ought not to fear, where there is no fear, neither are we to despond in the most forlorn circumstances of the church; but still there is room for deep solicitude, when we compare our situation with that of other churches whom God punished for their crimes. May the comparison produce suitable alarm!

3. That the church is exposed to trouble as well as the world. Judgment begins at the house of

God; she is often in affliction, when the whole earth is at rest; God's fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jerusalem, are often burning, when the world enjoys great outward prosperity! Edom has her dukes and her Mount Seir, while the Israel of God are afflicted in Egypt.

4. When judgments are in the church, they are not far from the world: If it first begin at us, if the wrath of God begin to burn in his own house, it shall soon spread its ravages to the ends of the earth. The punishment of Babylon shall follow the deliverance of the church. The punishment of Edom, of Damascus, and of other great cities, was as certain as that of Jerusalem.

5. If saints are punished by a Father, how much have sinners to fear from an angry God? The saints are chastened for their profit, but sinners for their ruin. If God is greatly to be feared when he punishes his own people, how tremendous is he when he pours out unmixed indignation upon his enemies!

6. Salvation is a blessing of great magnitude, and few obtain it. It was so in the eyes of the apostle, and is so in the eyes of all who obtain salvation. Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way leading to life, and few there be that find it.

7. That all unbelievers have a dreadful doom awaiting them in the eternal world. Thought cannot conceive, nor words express how much they shall be punished.

8. The trials of the church are greatly sweetened by religion, or by the gracious presence of God. How honourable to suffer for the cause of Christ, and according to the will of God!

9. The soul is of all things the most precious, and is never safe till we commit it to our gracious God!

10. God alone is worthy to be trusted, and he will certainly keep that which we by faith commit to him.

11. That trust in God should not supersede our duty.—Let us all be ready for what the decree shall bring forth, and be hid in the day of the Lord's anger!

LEUMAS.

REMARKS ON THE ACCOUNTS OF
THE DEATH OF DAVID HUME,
ESQ. AND SAMUEL FINLEY, D. D.

[Supposed to be from the pen of Dr. Mason, late president of Dickinson College.]

THE common sense and feelings of mankind, have always taught them to consider death as a most awful and interesting event. If it were nothing more than a separation from all that we love in this world; the dissolution of our bodies; and the termination of our present mode of existence; there would be sufficient reason for approaching it with tender and solemn reflection. But when we add those anticipations of which very few, if any, can wholly divest themselves; that scene of "untried being," which lies before us; and especially that eternity which the Christian revelation unfolds, death becomes an object of unutterable moment; and every sober thought of it bears upon the heart with a weight of solicitude which it is not in the power of unaided reason to remove. The mere possibility of our living hereafter, is enough to engage the attention of a wise man: the probability of it is too grave and affecting to leave an excuse for indifference: and the certainty with which the scriptures speak of it, as of an immortality of blessedness or of woe, allows to light and ludicrous speculations concerning it, no other cha-

racter than that of the insanity of wickedness.

When that hour draws nigh which shall close the business of life, and summon the spirit to the bar of "God who gave it," all the motives to deception cease; and those false reasonings which blind the judgment, are dissipated. It is the hour of truth, and of sincerity. Such, at least, is the general fact, which cannot be invalidated by the concession that, in some instances, men have been found to cherish their infatuation, and practise their knavery, to the very last. Their number in places which enjoy the pure gospel, the only ones in our present view, is too small to make any perceptible difference in the mount; or to disparage that respectable credence with which the rustic and the sage listen to the testimony of a dying bed.

By this testimony, the "gospel of the grace of God," has obtained, among every people and in every age such strong confirmation, and has carried into the human conscience, such irresistible appeals for its truth, its power, and its glorious excellency, that its enemies have laboured with all their might, to discredit these triumphs. They have attacked the principle upon which the testimony of a dying believer rests. They have said that the mind, being necessarily enfeebled by the ravages of mortal disease upon the body, is not a competent judge of its own operations—that the looks, the tears, the whole conduct of surrounding friends, excite artificial emotions in the dying—that superstition has a prodigious ascendancy over their imagination—that their joyful impressions of heaven are the mere reveries of a disturbed brain—that their serenity, their steady hope,

their placid faith, are only the natural consequence of long habit, which never operates more freely than when the faculty of reflection is impaired—All this, and more like this, do unhappy mortals who take, or pretend to take, pleasure in putting an extinguisher upon the light of life, detail with an air of superiority, as if they had fallen upon the discovery which merits the plaudits of the world. But were it even so—were the Christian victory over death only a dream, it is a dream so sweet and blessed, that with the scourger of lord Bolingbroke's philosophy, I should "account that man a villain that awoke me—awoke me to truth and misery*." But I am not going to discuss this question. The poor infidel does not believe himself, and why should others believe him? With one breath he endeavours to cry down the argument to be derived in favour of their religion, from the peaceful death of Christians; and with the next to enlist it in his own service. He omits no opportunity of celebrating the intrepidity or composure displayed by sceptical brethren in their last moments. Let the letter of Dr. Adam Smith, concerning the death of *David Hume, Esq.* be a proof. Every sentence betrays his anxiety to set off his friend to the best advantage. The dullest observer cannot but perceive his design to compare Mr. Hume dying an infidel, with a Christian dying in the faith of Jesus. Let us draw out, at length, that comparison which he has only insinuated; and that the effect may be more decisive, let us remember, that the

whole annals of unbelief do not furnish a more favourable example than he has selected. Mr. Hume was a man of undisputed genius. His versatile talent, his intense application, his large acquirements, and his uncommon acuteness, place him, perhaps, at the head of those enemies of revelation who attempt to reason; as Voltaire stands without a rival among those who only scoff. He had besides, what rarely belongs to the ascertained infidel, a good moral reputation. We mean that he was not addicted to lewdness, to drunkenness, to knavery, to profane swearing,* or any

* On further recollection, we are compelled to deduct from Mr. Hume's morality, his freedom from profane swearing. For, in an account of the life and writings of the Rev. Dr. Robertson, the great historian, drawn up by professor Dugald Stewart, there is a letter from Mr. Hume to the Dr. in which he descends to the coarse and vulgar profanity of the ale-house, and the main-deck. To ask his *reverend* correspondent, the principal of the University of Edinburgh; the ecclesiastical premier of the church of Scotland, "What the devil he had to do with that old fashioned, dangling word, *wherewith*?" and to tell him, "I will see you d—d sooner," viz. than "swallow your *hath*!"—are such gross violations of decency, that unless Mr. Hume had been *accustomed* to adorn his speech with similar expletives, they never could have found their way into a familiar letter; much less into a letter designed for the eye of a man to whom, considering his *profession* only, they were a direct insult. We do not wonder that Mr. Stewart should "hesitate about the propriety of subjecting to the criticisms of the world so careless an effusion." But, knowing as we do, the urbanity of that gentleman's manners, the elegance of his mind, and his high sense of decorum, we much wonder that his hesitation had not a different issue. We fear that all men of sobriety, we are sure that all men of

* Hunter's view of the philosophical character and writings of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

* An account of the life and writings of William Robertson, D. D. prefixed to his works, p. 80, 81.

of those grosser vices which are the natural and ordinary companions of enmity to the gospel. For otherwise, as he laboured to unsettle all fixed principles of belief; to overturn the whole system of moral obligation; to obliterate a sense of God's authority from the conscience; and positively to inculcate the innocence of the greatest crimes, he must be accounted one of the most flagitiously immoral men that ever lived.

His panegyrist, too, was a man of superior parts and profound erudition. The name of *Adam Smith* will always rank high in the republic of letters; and will never be pronounced, but with respect, by the political economist. Mr. *Hume* can have lost nothing; has possibly gained much, by the pen of his friend. Taking him, therefore, as the letter to Mr. *Strahan* represents him, let us contrast him with that servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, *Dr. Samuel Finley*.

Whatever be a man's opinions,

religion, will refuse to accept Mr. *Hume's* "gayety and affectation," as an apology for his vileness; or to let it pass off under the mask of "playful and good-natured irony." If a philosopher's "affectation" must vent itself in ribaldry; if he cannot be "playful and good-natured," without plundering the waterman and scavenger of their appropriate phraseology, we own, that his conversation has no attractions for us. Such a "glimpse" as this letter affords, of the "writer and his correspondent in the habits of private intercourse," is far from "suggesting not unpleasing pictures of the hours which they borrowed from business and study." But the most melancholy reflection is, that such intimacies and correspondences furnish an index of *Dr. Robertson's* own character. The infidels never allowed that he had any thing of the Christian minister but his canonicals and his sermons.—With these exceptions they claimed him as their own, and their claim appears to have been too well founded.

one of his most rational occupations in the prospect of leaving the world, is to look back upon the manner in which he has passed through it: to compare his duties with his conduct, and to inquire how far he deserves the approbation or the reproach of his own conscience. Nor will it be disputed by a Deist, who professes his faith in the being and providence of God, and a state of rewards and punishments hereafter, proportioned to the degree of crime or of virtue here. To such a one it is, upon his own principles, a question of unspeakable importance, whether he shall commence his future existence with hopes of happiness, or with fears of misery? especially as he relies much upon the efficacy of penitence and prayer, in procuring forgiveness of his faults, indulgence to his infirmities, and a general mitigation of whatever is unfavourable. Nay, the mortal deist, or the atheist himself, for they are not worth the trouble of a distinction, ought, for their own sakes in this life, to be so employed.—If, with the rejection of all religious constraint, they have not also uprooted every affection of their nature, nothing could afford them more gratification in the evening of their days, than the consciousness of their having contributed something to the mass of human comfort. In short, whether we argue upon christian, or unchristian grounds, it can be the interest of none but the worthless and the malignant, to shut their eyes upon their own history, and sink down in death, as a bullock drops under the knife of his executioner.

Yet strange as it may appear, and inconsistent as it certainly is with his high pretensions, there are few things so rare as a dying infi-

del taking a deliberate retrospect of life. We say a *deliberate retrospect*; for it is undeniable, that on many of those who, like the apostate Julian, waged implacable war with the *Galilean*, conscience recovering from its slumbers, has, at the hour of death or the apprehension of it, forced an unwilling and tormenting recollection of their deeds. The point of honour in their philosophy seems to be, and their utmost attainment is, to keep completely out of view, both the past and the future. This was evidently the case with Mr. *Hume*.—Read over again Dr. Smith's letter to Mr. Strahan, and you will not find a syllable from which you could gather that there is an hereafter, a providence, or a God—not a sentence to indicate that Mr. *Hume* believed he had ever committed a sin; or was, in any respect, an accountable being.

Turn now away from the philosopher, and hear what a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ has to say. Melting into gratitude for that mercy which he had received from his heavenly father, he goes back to the commencement of his Christian course, and desires his friends to pray, that God "would be pleased to let him feel just as he did at that time when he first closed with Christ," and the rapture of his soul came near to the blessedness of heaven. With deep humility he owns his sinfulness: not a whisper of extenuation or apology does he utter—"I know not in what language to speak of my own unworthiness—I have been undutiful." But with great tenderness, as in the presence of the Omniscient, he attests his satisfaction with time spent in his Christian duties and enjoyments. "I can truly say that I have loved the

VOL. I.

service of God—I have honestly endeavoured to act for God, but with much weakness and corruption—I have tried my master's yoke, and will never shrink my neck from it." That he had been useful to others, and instrumental in their salvation, was to him a source of pure and elevated joy. "The Lord has given me many souls as a crown of my rejoicing."

What think you, now, reader, of Mr. *Hume* and Dr. *Finley*, with regard to their retrospect of life? Who evinces most of the good and the virtuous man? Whose reflections, is it reasonable to conclude, were the more delightful? *His*, who let none of them escape his lips? Or *his*, whose words were inadequate to express their abundance or their sweetness? No; the one had not delightful recollections to communicate. High happiness is never selfish. The overflowing heart pours off its exuberance into the bosom of a friend. And had Mr. H. had any thing of this sort to impart, his companions and encomiasts would have shared in his pleasure, and would not have forgotten to tell the world of its luxury. Their silence is a sufficient comment.

Let us extend our comparison to a particular which, more than almost any thing else, touches the pride of philosophy: We mean the *dignity* displayed by the infidel and by the Christian respectively.

Ask Dr. *Smith*. He will tell you that at the very time when he knew his dissolution was near, Mr. *Hume* continued to "divert himself as usual, with correcting his own works for a new edition; with reading books of amusement; with the conversation of his friends; and sometimes, in the evening, with a party at his favourite game

of whist." Behold the dying occupation of a captain of infidelity ! Of one who is eulogized " as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as, perhaps, the nature of human frailty will admit"—his most serious employment is " diverting himself." Just about to yield up his last breath, and " diverting himself ! *From what ?* Let them answer who know that there are apt to be troublesome visitors to the imagination and the conscience of one who prostituted his powers to the purpose of spreading rebellion against the God who made him ! " Diverting himself !" *With what ?* With correcting his *own works* for a new edition ! a considerable portion of which " works" is destined to prove that justice, mercy, faith, and all the circle of both the duties and charities, are obligatory only because they are useful ; and, by consequence, that their opposites shall be obligatory when they shall appear to be more useful—that the religion of the Lord Jesus, which has " brought life and immortality to light," is an imposture—that adultery is a bagatelle ; and suicide a virtue ! *With what ?* With reading books of *amusement*. The adventures of Don Quixote ; the tales of the genii ; a novel, a tragedy, a farce, a collection of sonnets ; any thing but those sober and searching treatises which are fit for one who " considers his latter end." *With what ?* With the conversation of his friends ; such as Dr. Smith, and Dr. Black, another famous infidel, who, as they had nothing inviting to discuss about futurity, and Mr. H. could not bear the fatigue of abstruse speculation, must have entertained him with all that jejune small talk which makes great wits

look so very contemptible, when they have nothing to say. *With what ?* With an evening party at his favourite game of whist ! A card table ! and all that nauseous gabble for which the card table is renowned ! The question is to be decided, whether such stupendous faculties as had been lavished upon Mr. Hume, were to be blasted into annihilation ; or expanded to the vision and fruition of the INFINITE GOOD ; or converted into inlets of endless pain, despair, and horror ? A question which might convulse the abyss, and move the thrones of heaven—and while the decision is preparing, preparing for *him*, Mr. H. sits down to a gaming board, with gambling companions, to be " diverted" with the chances of the cards, and the edifying conversation to which they give rise ! Such is the *dignity* of this almost " perfectly wise and virtuous man"—Such a *philosopher's* preparation for death.

Let us leave him at the card-table, and pay a second visit to Dr. Finley. From his gracious lips, not a trifling word escapes. In his ardent soul, now ready to speed its flight to the spirits of the just, there is no room for " diversion," for " correcting" composition ; for " books of amusement ;" or for " games of whist." The everlasting life of those around him—the spiritual prosperity of a congregation dear to him—the interests of his Redeemer among the nations—these, these are the themes which fill his thoughts and dwell upon his tongue. " Oh that each of you," says he to the spectators of his pain, " may experience, what, blessed be God, I do, when ye come to die."—" Give my love to the people of Prienceton : tell them that I am going to die, and

that I am not afraid of death.—The Lord Jesus take care of his cause in the world.”

The manner in which Mr. H. and Dr. F. directly contemplated death, and the effects of death, presents another strong point of contrast. It is evident from the whole of Dr. Smith's narrative, that the former confined, or wished to confine, his view to the mere *physical* event—to the bodily anguish which it might create, and its putting a period to earthly enjoyments. The whole of the philosopher's “magnanimity” centers here. Allowing to his composure under these views of death, as much as can reasonably be demanded, we do not perceive it in *all* that “magnanimity” which is perceived by Dr. S. Thousands who had no pretensions to philosophical pre-eminence, have been Mr. H.'s equals on this ground. If he had succeeded in persuading himself, as his writings tend to persuade others, that the spirit of man, like the spirit of a beast, “goeth downwards;” that when the breath should leave his body, there would be an end of Mr. *Hume*—that the only change would be to “turn a few ounces of blood into a different channel”—to vary the form of a cluster of corpuscles, or to scatter a bundle of perceptions up and down through that huge collection of impressions and ideas—that stupendous mass of *nothings*, of which his philosophy had sagaciously discovered the whole material and intellectual world to be composed—If this were all, we can not discern in what his magnanimity consisted. It is chiefly as a *moral* event, that death is interesting—as an event which, instead of putting an end to our existence, only introduces us to a mode of ex-

istence as much more interesting than the present, as eternity is more interesting than time.

It is this view that chiefly engaged the attention of Dr. Finley.—In common with others, he was to undergo the pains of dissolution. But he rested not on these. He fixed his eye upon that new form which all his relations to God, to holiness, to sin, and the inhabitants of the future world, were shortly to assume. The reader, we doubt not, perceives the immense disparity between these cases. Mr. H. looks at death as it effects the affairs of this world. Dr. F. as it involves eternal issues. Mr. H. according to his own notions, had nothing to encounter but the struggles of nature; and nothing to lose but a few temporal enjoyments. Before Dr. F. was the tribunal of God, and the stake at hazard was an immortal soul. An error here is irretrievable; the very thought of its possibility is enough to shake every fibre of the frame; and proportionably precious and certain must be that religion which can assure the believer of his safety, and convey him with peacefulness and pleasure to his father's house.

This being the case, let us weigh the consolations of the philosopher against those of the Christian.

Dr. Smith has made the most of them in behalf of the former; but a very little scrutiny will show that they are light and meagre indeed. “I am dying,” they are the words of Mr. H. “as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire.” “When he became very weak,” says Dr. Black, “it cost him an effort to speak; and he died in such a happy composure of mind, that nothing could exceed it.”

We are not without suspicion, that on the part of Mr. H. there is some affectation here; & on the part of his friends, some pretty high colouring. In the mouth of a Christian, "composure," "cheerfulness," "complacency," "resignation," "happiness," in death, have an exquisite meaning. But what meaning *can* they have in the mouth of one, the very best of whose expectations is the extinction of his being? Is there any "complacency" in the thought of perishing? any "happiness" in the dreary and dismal anticipation of being-blotted out of life? It is a farce: It is a mockery of every human feeling: and every throbbing of the heart convicts it of a lie. But Mr. Hume expected a better state of existence—Nay, talk not of that. There is not, either in his own expressions, or those of his friends, the faintest allusion to futurity. That glorious light which shines through the grave upon the redeemed of the Lord, was the object of his derision. No comfort from this quarter. The accomplishment of his earthly wishes, and the prosperity of his near relatives, are the only reasons assigned for his cheerfulness. But these are insufficient. In thousands, and ten thousands, they have not availed to preclude the most alarming forebodings; and why should they do more for Mr. Hume?

In the next place, how shall we interpret his "resignation?" Resignation to what? To the divine will? O no! God was not in all his thoughts. But Death was at hand, and he could not escape; he submitted to a stroke which it was impossible to avoid. And all that is said of his "composure," and "cheerfulness" and "resignation,"

and "complacency," when measured by the scale of truth, amounts to no more than a sottish unconcern set off with a fictitious gayety. It is easy to work up a fine description; and it is often most fine, when most remote from the fact. Let any infidel between the poles produce, if he can, a reason that shall satisfy a child, why one who has lived without God, should find "complacency" in death.—Nothing but that "hope which maketh not ashamed," is a cause equal to such an effect. But "hope" beyond the grave, is a word which had no place in Mr. Hume's vocabulary, because the thing had no place in his soul.—It is plain, however, that he

Felt his ruling passion strong in death.

Whatever his decay had weakened, his desire to see "the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition; which, with Mr. Hume, meant neither more nor less than the destruction of Christianity, in every modification, retained its whole vigour. And thus, while venting his spite at the only "system" which ever could render death comfortable; he goes to Lucian's dialogues, and edifies his friends with chattering nonsense about Charon and his boat! *O cæcis hominum mentes!* Nothing can be more blind and infatuated than the fanaticism of philosophy "falsely so called." With this puerile levity before our eyes; and this contemptible babbling sounding in our ears, we must listen to tales of Mr. Hume's magnanimity, complacency, and resignation!

From a barren exhibition of Atheism, let us repair once more to the servant of God. In Dr. Finley, we see a man dying not

only with cheerfulness, but with ecstasy. Of his friends, his wife, his children, he takes a *joyful* leave: committing all that he held most dear to him in this world, not to the uncertainties of earthly fortune, but to the "promises of his God." Although his temporal circumstances were very moderate; although he had sons and daughters to provide for, and slender means of doing it, he felt not a moments uneasiness—*Leave thy fatherless children to me; I will preserve them alive; and let widows trust in me*, was, in his estimation, a better security for their support, than any inheritance in lands or lucre. And as to death itself—who but one "filled with hopes full of immortality," could use such language as this—"A Christian's death is the best part of his existence"—"Blessed be God! eternal rest is at hand.—"O I shall triumph over every foe," (he means sin, Satan, death, the grave,) "the Lord hath given me the victory—I exult; I triumph! Now I know that it is *impossible* that faith should not triumph over earth and hell"—"Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit; I do it with *confidence*; I do it with *full assurance*. I know that thou wilt keep that which I have committed unto thee." We appeal to all the world, whether any thing like this, any thing that deserves so much as to be named in comparison, ever fell from the lips of an infidel! How poor, how mean, how miserable, does he look, when brought to the contrast! Let the reader review again the situation of Dr. Finley, ponder his words, and mark their spirit; and then let him go back to Mr. Hume's "diversion"—to his correcting his atheistical writings for a new edi-

tion—to his "books of amusement"—to his "game of whist"—to his insipid raillery about Charon and his boat! Truly the infidels have cause to look big, and despise the followers of Jesus Christ! "Pray sir," said a young man to the late Dr. Black, in the presence of a juvenile company, at the Dr.'s own table, "Pray sir, how did Mr. Hume die?" "Mr. Hume," answered the sceptical chymist, with an air of great significance, "Mr. Hume died, as he lived, a *philosopher*." Dr. Black himself has aided Dr. Smith in telling us what the death of a *philosopher* is. It has taught us, if nothing before did, that the pathetic exclamation, "Let my soul be with the philosophers," belongs to one who is a stranger to truth and happiness. If they resemble Mr. Hume, we will most devoutly exclaim, "Furthest from them is best." Let *our* souls be with the Christians! with the humble believers in that Jesus who is "the resurrection and the life." Let them be with *Samuel Finley*; let them not be with *David Hume*!

We can not close these strictures, without again reminding the reader, that no instance of composure in death is to be found more favourable to the infidel boast, than the instance of Mr. Hume. And yet, how jejune and forlorn does he appear, in comparison of Dr. Finley. The latter longs for his departure, "as the hireling pants for the evening shade;" and when it comes, he pours around him his kindly benedictions; his eye beams with celestial brilliancy; he shouts Salvation! and is away to "the bosom of his Father and his God."

But in the other all is blank. No joy sparkles in his eye: no

hope swells his bosom; an unmeaning smile is on his countenance, and frigid ridicule dishonours his lips. Be it never forgotten, that *no infidels die in triumph!* The utmost to which they pretend, is dying with calmness. Even this rarely happens; and, the scripture being judge, it is a part of their accursedness. It imparts the deeper horror to the *surprise* of the eternal world. But if you reverse the picture, and ask how many infidels close their career in anguish, in distraction, in a *fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the* ADVERSARIES? how endless is the train of wretches, how piercing their cry! That arch blasphemer, *Voltaire*, left the world with hell anticipated: and we hear so frequently of his disciples "going to their own place" in a similar manner, that the dreadful narratives lose their effect by repetition. It was quite recently that a youth in the state of New York, who had been debauched by the ribaldrous impiety of Paine, yielded up the ghost with dire imprecations on the hour when he first saw an infidel book, and on the murderer who first put it into his hand. But who ever heard of a dying man's cursing the day in which he believed in Jesus? While such an instance, we are bold to assert, never occurred, nothing is more common than the peaceful death of them who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious." They who see *practical* Christianity in those retreats which the eye of a profane philosopher seldom penetrates, could easily fill a long record of dying beds softened with that bland submission, and cheered with that victorious hope, which threw so heavenly a lustre round the bed of Dr. Finley.

These things carry with them their own recommendation to the conscience which is not yet "seared as with a hot iron." If our pages fall into the hands of the young, we affectionately entreat them to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth;" "to make their calling and their election sure," before they be "hardened by the deceitfulness of sin." Rich are the tints of that beauty, and sweet the fragrance of those blossoms, on which, in the morning of life, the Lord our God sheds down the dews of his blessing. You would not wish to be associated with infidels in their death—shun the contagion of their principles while you are in spirits and in health. Your hearts can not but sigh, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his"—cast in then, your lot with him; choose for your own God, the God of Samuel Finley; and like him, you shall have "hope in your death;" like him, you shall "be had in everlasting remembrance," when "the memory of the wicked shall rot."

WARDLAW ON ECCLESIASTES.

Eccles. XI. 9, 10. XII. 1—7.

Verse 7. "The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."—The body, formed originally from the dust, shall undergo the full execution of its sentence,—“Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return;” a sentence pronounced on man, in consequence of his sin, and of which the stroke of death, throughout successive generations, has been the righteous fulfilment. For, although man was formed from the dust, he was not on that account necessarily mortal. The

power that gave him life was able to sustain it in never-fading vigour. We talk of death as coming in the course of nature. But of the original course of nature, when man came, in the beauty of holiness, from his Creator's hand, it was no part. It pertains to the course of *fallen* nature. Man was deathless while he was sinless. He became mortal when he apostatized from God. And the universality of the reign of death is a mournful but conclusive evidence of the universality of the apostacy. Every shrouded corpse, and every opening grave, should lead our minds back to the entrance of sin,—to

“man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
wo.”

And while the body is consigned to the grave, to be food for the loathsome worm, and to mingle with the dust of former generations, the immortal spirit, the tenant of this earthly tabernacle, shall—perish with it? No.—Sleep with it in the tomb for ages in a state of insensibility? No.—It shall “return unto God who gave it.”—Solomon was no materialist. He did not consider the soul as of the same substance with the body, and thought as the mere result of certain modifications and arrangements of matter and motion, and death the final destruction of the whole man;—but the body as only the organ of the indwelling spirit, like a complete set of admirably adapted instruments, by which it acquired its knowledge, and reduced that knowledge to use in the execution of the dictates of its will, and the soul, though acting by means of the body while it continues its occupant, yet capable of

existence, of thought and of activity, in a state of separation from it. Of the manner, it is true, in which a spirit exists, and thinks, and acts, and enjoys, in its disembodied state, we can form no distinct conception; but we are quite as ignorant of the manner in which spirit operates on matter when connected with it; for though we know the facts, we cannot account for them; and if even the facts that are attested by our senses and experience we are unable to explain, ought not this to prevent incredulity and scepticism, as to others that are beyond the sphere of our observation, and which we have no cause for doubting but our incapacity to conceive of them.

Nor was the soul, according to Solomon, to fall, during the sleep of the body in the grave, into a state of insensibility, or unconsciousness.—Had it been to partake in the deep slumbers of the tomb, it could not have been said to “return to God who gave it” any more than the body. The distinction between the two is marked; and the existence of the soul, in life and consciousness, when separate from the body, emphatically declared.

When the spirit thus returns to God, we are not to understand that in every instance it is to remain in his presence, and to enter into his joy. It goes to receive its doom from the supreme judge; a doom, not at that time formally pronounced indeed, but which the subsequent decisions of the great day shall only recognize and ratify. That day of formal judicial sentence may be distant: but this is not inconsistent with immediate transition at death to happiness or woe,—with the “spirits of the just” being “made perfect” in heaven,

and the souls of the wicked "going to their own place," to that "everlasting fire that is prepared for the devil and his angels."—"The beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments."

The feelings, my friends, with which we contemplate the description in this passage, or behold it realized in our aged friends or others around us, must vary according to the characters and the prospects of those in whom we witness the symptoms of decay and of approaching dissolution.—"The hoary head is a crown of glory, when it is found in the way of righteousness." There is not on earth a more venerable and delightful spectacle than that of an aged pilgrim "walking with God:" and a more affecting and deeply melancholy sight can hardly, on the contrary, be imagined, than that of a hoary-headed sinner, who has lived his fourscore years "without God in the world!"—all that time, God calling and he refusing; and the Almighty "angry with him every day:"—his body now bowed down beneath the weight of years,—all his powers, of action and of enjoyment, decaying,—every hour likely to be his last,—time all behind him, and eternity all before him,—and his soul still "dead in trespasses and in sins,"—the hour of his departure come, and no readiness for the world to which he is bound!—O with what opposite emotions do we contemplate old age in this character, and in the saint of God, who, in approaching the close of his earthly pilgrimage, is drawing near to what has long been the goal of his hopes and desires; who, while

outwardly decaying, is inwardly maturing for heaven; in whom every symptom of coming death is but a symptom of approaching life; and who, in the final exhaustion of nature, bids adieu to the world in the words of aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,—for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!"

True, indeed, it is painful for affection to mark the indications of increasing feebleness in the objects of its tender regard; to see infirmities multiplying, and troubles gaining ground, which it feels its inability to remove, and can only soothe by the gentle offices of kindness; to be thus continually reminded, that the hour is at hand when the dear old father, or friend, to whom it has long clung in fond attachment, must take his final leave. And when that hour arrives,—when the "silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern;" even though the event had long been anticipated, who can witness it without deep emotion?—who can part even from exhausted age without a pang of inexpressible tenderness?

Of all the periods and events of life, the concluding scene is the one of deepest interest to the person himself, and to surviving spectators. Various are the ways in which it comes, and various the aspects it presents; but in all it is solemn. What can be more so, than the approach of that moment which, to the dying man, is the boundary between time and eternity! which concludes the one, and commences the other; which terminates all his interests in this world, and fixes his condition for

a never-ending existence in the world unknown!—What can be more so, than those moments of silent and indescribable anxiety, when the last sands of the numbered hour are running; when the beat of the heart has become too languid to be felt at the extremities of the frame; when the cold hand returns not the gentle pressure; when the restless limbs lie still and motionless; when the eye is fixed, and the ear turns no more toward the voice of consoling kindness; when the breath, before oppressive and laborious, becomes feebler and feebler, till it dies slowly away,—and to the listening ear there is no sound amidst the breathless silence, nor to the arrested eye, that watches with the unmoving look of thrilling solicitude for the last symptom of remaining life, is motion longer perceptible; when surrounding friends continue to speak in whispers, and to step through the chamber on the tiptoe of cautious quietness, as if still fearful of disturbing him—whom the noise of a thousand thunders could not startle,—who has fallen on that last sleep, from which nothing shall rouse but “the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God.”

Solemn and affecting as the scene is, when man thus “goeth to his long home,”—when age closes in death,—when “the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it;” how sweetly cheering, how inexpressibly consoling is it, when the valley of the shadow of death is lighted from heaven; and when the grave, dark and dreary as it is, is closed over the dead, “in the sure and certain hope,” that as “Jesus died and rose again, even

so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”

Ye aged pilgrims, who have begun to experience and to exemplify the truth of Solomon’s description—fear not. Let your trust be in Him who hath said “I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee:”—Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you.” Look backward with gratitude, look upward with confidence, and look onward with hope. Your “heart and your flesh fail; but God is the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever.”

And O ye who have lived from childhood to youth, and from youth to age, regardless of God and of eternity, with no relish for any pleasures but those of time and sense, “walking in the ways of your hearts, and in the sight of your eyes,” and to whom the years have “drawn nigh,” and have come, when the zest of those earlier pleasures is gone, and there is nothing in their stead,—to whom remembrance yields only regrets, and anticipation doubts and fears: O end not as you have begun: die not as you have lived: you have thrown away your life; throw not away eternity too. Your guilt has been deep; your folly has been extreme; your danger is imminent; but I dare not say,—the mercy of God in the gospel forbids me to say, that your condition is hopeless. Even to you, the sceptre of his grace is extended; even to you the voice of invitation is still addressed, “Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?” There is but a step between you and death. O let not that last step be taken without God. Bow before the footstool of his throne.

Lay your gray hairs there in the dust of penitential abasement.—Confess your guilt. Let your spirit bend to the offers of free mercy. “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved :” for he excepts none from the gracious assurance. “Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.”

And ye, my young friends, which of the two characters we have been bringing before your view would you wish to be yours, should you live to old age? You can have but one answer to the question. You desire to die in peace with God, and in good hope for eternity. If such be your desire, “remember now your Creator in the days of your youth.” Thus prepare for an honourable and happy old age, and for a death of tranquility and hope.—But your reaching old age, the word of God tells you, and the events of every day tell you, is an extreme uncertainty. You have no covenant with death. The years you anticipate may never come; they may never even “draw nigh.” “Childhood and youth are vanity.” If, therefore, you would live a life of genuine happiness, however long, —“remember your Creator in the days of your youth :” and if you would be secure for a future world at what ever period you may be summoned from this, again I say, “remember your Creator in the days of your youth.”—I could call many amongst my hearers to witness to you, that they were strangers to true enjoyment till they entered on a religious life,—a life of faith upon the Son of God. “O taste, and see that the Lord is good.”

HONESTY.

The Bible not only requires the moral virtues of truth, justice and honesty, but enforces them with all the authority of heaven, and thus raises them to the rank of religious duties. From the frequency and earnestness with which these principles are inculcated, we may infer their beneficial tendency in promoting human happiness :—observation and experience prove the correctness of this inference. We see and we feel the disappointment, the mischief, the embarrassment, the distress, arising from misrepresentations intended to deceive, from wilful falsehood, from injustice and fraud—all which evils would be prevented by a conscientious regard to the precepts of the Bible, which censures and condemns these vices. “Ye shall not lie one to another. Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man. A righteous man hateth lying. Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely. If thou sellest aught to thy neighbour, or if thou buyest aught of thy neighbour’s hand, ye shall not oppress one another.” The Gospel teaches us to *live righteously; to do justice*. This is the will of God, “that no man go beyond or defraud his brother in any matter, because that the Lord is the avenger of all such.”

The departure from these evangelical principles which does the greatest mischief in society is found in those who claim a respectable standing for truth and honesty; who would kindle with resentment at the insinuation that they were any thing but men of strict veracity and justice. The notorious liar will deceive but few; for

"a lying tongue is but for a moment." The greatest injury is done to society, not perhaps, by the thief and the robber, but by the numerous train of speculators, sharpers, swindlers, and those who carelessly or wilfully fail in fulfilling their promises, in complying with their contracts, in paying their debts. There are two classes of men whose honesty is not doubtful; the one embraces all those who never pay their just debts, until they are compelled by the civil law; the other, all those who *owe no man any thing*; who pay their debts punctually, and agreeably to their promises. There is a third class, embracing, probably, a large majority, of whose honesty the best perhaps, that can be said, is, that it is doubtful. A, obtains and appropriates to his own use the property of B, and promises that on a particular day he will make a satisfactory compensation to B, for the use of his property. The promise is reduced to writing; is signed, and sealed, and witnessed. The specified day arrives which is to test the faithfulness and honesty of A, if the payment is made agreeably to promise, he is a man of integrity. Yet how often is it the case, that the day arrives and passes away, and the payment is not made, the promise is not fulfilled. Where is the truth of this promise, and the justice of this delay? The promise was that B should receive his compensation on a particular day; but he does not receive it; of course the promise was not true. B, consented that A should have his property without payment till a certain day, but no longer. Every day, therefore, after the one specified, which A delays the payment, he holds this property, not only without, but contrary to con-

sent of B. Can this be justice? If it be, what then is injustice? Our opinions on these subjects may be thought old-fashioned; we know, indeed, they are not fashionable; because they are not very common. But in our humble opinion, there is neither truth in this promise; nor justice in this transaction. Nor can we deem it a sufficient excuse for A, to allege that he was ready on the appointed day, to make the payment, if B had called on him for this purpose. It is, at least, implied in the promise of A, that he will go to B for this purpose. Still less satisfactory is the plea of forgetfulness. If he was to receive the payment, his memory, in all probability, would not be so treacherous. If truth and justice are matters of so much indifference with him, that he can so easily forget them, it is evident he is but little concerned to deserve the character which he claims. If A, when he made the promise, depended for the means of fulfilling it, on his own industry and economy; and he, at the same time, is idle and wastful, he is culpable, of course, in the same proportion: such idleness and prodigality are with the forfeiture of his fidelity and honesty. He indulges himself at the expense of another, contrary to his consent. After the promise is made, and before the day arrives, if any occurrence should take place which A could neither prevent nor foresee, and which puts it out of his power to comply with his engagement, then he is clear of suspicion: provided, as soon as possible, he makes B fully acquainted with the fact—the failure is owing to the providence of God, not his want of principle. If, however, no such event has occurred—if all the resources on

which he depended have answered what might have reasonably been expected from them; or if he made the promise without any reasonable prospect, known at the time, of being able to comply with it; then, in addition to falsehood and injustice, no ingenuity, nor even sophistry, can save him from the charge of wilful deception. Had these improbabilities and uncertainties been known, B would not, at least on the same terms, have given him possession of his property, nor placed the same confidence in his promise. This concealment, therefore, was fraudulent and criminal. It is not *walking honestly to them who are without*, nor who are within the church. It is not *providing things honest in the sight of all men*, still less in the sight of the Lord, our Judge.

B makes a similar promise to C, and trusts in the fidelity and honesty of A for the means of complying with his engagement. C, placing confidence in B, makes a promise to D, and D again to E, and E to F, and so on. If A deceives B, the failure with all its consequence will roll on to C, and from C to D, and to E and to F. F is urged for payment which he can not make without a sacrifice. He is perplexed and embarrassed, and his property is sold for the one third of its value. F, commences a similar process with E, and E with D, &c. all of whom are involved in trouble and loss. Each of them have families who are involved in the same trouble: and whose reasonable expectation of future support and provision are blasted. Had A been a man of truth and honesty, all this trouble and distress would have been prevented. Had the precepts of the

Gospel governed his heart and his life, he would have spoken the truth and acted honestly.—*Evangelical and Literary Magazine.*

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*Remarks on the History of the
Waldenses and Albigenses.*

No. II.

As we have commenced the publication of the history of the Waldenses and Albigenses, compiled chiefly from Jones' Church History, and copied from the Columbian Star; we are called upon to correct, not so much an error, as a misrepresentation, which the reader will find in the first page of our present number. The writer of this history, there introduces the substance of a letter addressed by a German Catholic, "to St. Bernard, concerning the heretics in the vales of Piedmont; complaining that they said the church of God was among themselves, because they alone followed the pattern of Christ, *that they do not hold the baptism of infants, &c.*" Thus evidently intending to impress upon the public mind, the belief, that the *whole* of this people denied to infants the rite of baptism;—which is far from the truth. The celebrated Dr. Wall, who was himself an advocate for immersion, and who made the history of infant baptism the principal subject of his studies, asserts: that "about the year 1130, one sect among the Waldenses or Albigenses, declared against the baptizing of infants, *as being incapable of salvation*, the MAIN BODY of that people rejected their opinion; and they of them, who held that opinion, quickly dwindled away, and disappeared, there being no more persons heard of, holding

that tenet, until the rising of the German anti-pædo baptists in the year 1522."*

The historian is bound by the common consent of mankind, to state facts without giving to them a false colouring, and to represent truth, so far as it can be discovered; nor will sectarian partialities remove the obligation. But, so far from this being the case, we are often compelled, would we ascertain what was the practice of our predecessors, in relation to any contested point, to refer back to those writers, who were not interested in the controversy. And this evil would be greatly enhanced were it not for the consoling fact, that both our faith and practice are to be tested by "a more sure word of prophecy," than the practice of this or that party, or of this or that age of the Christian church. We mean not that the testimony of the fathers, is entitled to no credit, but as fallible men their opinions and characters must be weighed in the "balance of the sanctuary."

It is a source of regret, that men when giving a history of those who have gone before us, should be so far influenced by a sectarian spirit, as to catch with eagerness, and to magnify the merest trifle that is calculated to further their views, whilst at the same time the mention of more important historical facts, resting upon indisputable evidence is purposely avoided, if such facts militate against their party; yet such is the fact.

Attempts have been made, and are still making, to bring the practice of the primitive Christians to bear against the doctrine of infant baptism. Even the learned Dr. Gill, was so far led by a desire to

* Reed's Apology.

bolster up a party, as to infer that infant baptism *had not come into use* before the time of Tertullian; he being the first man (of whose writings we have any account,) who mentions it, and speaks against it. But Tertullian does not speak of infant baptism as *unlawful*, or as an *innovation* that had begun to be practised in his time. "His words" says Dr. Lathrop, "rather imply the contrary, and suppose that infants had usually been baptised, soon after their birth. Origen, who flourished in the beginning of the third century, and was contemporary with Tertullian, asserts; that "the church had a tradition, or a command from the Apostles, to give baptism to infants!" Should the reader require any thing further on this subject, by referring to the article on baptism, contained in the fourth volume of Ridgley's Body of Divinity, with notes by James P. Willson, D. D. he will there find what has been the practice of Christians in relation to infant baptism, and also, many scripture proofs, for the continuance in the Church of this divine ordinance.



Extract of a speech delivered by the Earl of Roden, before the British and Foreign Bible Society at their Twentieth Anniversary.

"It would be idle in me, however, to attempt to take up the time of this meeting by going into any details, as to what my views are of those blessings which have been derived, which are experienced, and which will continue to be felt from the operations of this glorious institution, particularly when I see around me so many who in the course of this day, will state to the meeting facts the most

interesting and most calculated to raise the heart of every one to Him to whom alone the praise and glory is due ; but, my lord, I think I should be guilty of a great dereliction of my duty, and be justly chargeable with ingratitude, were I not to bring before you a simple fact, the truth of which I can avouch, and which is connected with the proceedings in which we are engaged. It is about—I will not say how many years ago—I knew a man who was involved in all the pursuits of folly and dissipation, who lived in the world and for the world, whose chief desire was to gain the world's applause, and who looked only to that which was calculated to give him pleasure here below ; I knew this person, engaged in the pursuits of the day, walking through the streets of Dublin on the anniversary of a Bible Society : he was led by, what he then thought, idle curiosity, to enter the room where that meeting was held ; ashamed of being seen in such society, ashamed of being engaged in such a work as was then going on, he looked for the most secret part of the room in which to take up his station ; and there he heard opinions delivered, there he heard sentiments declared, which, indeed, were altogether strange to him ; and he was led to argue thus with himself, "If these opinions be true, then I am wrong ; if these sentiments are founded on the Scriptures, which I profess to believe, then I am in error." He determined no longer to build his faith on the hearsay of others, but to read for himself, and see whether these things were true. A good man, who had addressed the assembly, stated, that all hearing and reading would be in vain, ex-

cept the Spirit of God brought home to the heart that which was heard and read. This good man also told them that God would give his Holy Spirit to all who ask Him. The individual to whom I have alluded, went home from the meeting deeply affected : and whether that night or the next morning, I know not, poured forth his prayer to Him who is the hearer of prayer, to Him who knows the desires of the heart, that He would lead him in the right way, and bring him to a right understanding of the Scriptures of truth. I need hardly tell your lordship and this meeting what was the result of an application like this ; and I need not and I could not, tell your lordship and this meeting what was his astonishment when, in the perusal of the sacred volume, he found what he never knew before, that he was a sinful creature in the sight of his Maker and his God. It would be impossible for me to tell you on the other hand what was his joy, and what was his peace, when the word he read there, was brought home to his heart, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. This man to whom I have alluded, I then knew, and I know him now ; he has since experienced a very large portion of those trials and of those calamities which are common to men ; he has experienced some, my lord, calculated to make flesh and blood to wince, but in that blessed book, which it is the object of this Society to circulate, he has found a hiding-place from the storm, he has found a covert from the wind, and he has found one who has borne his iniquities and carried his sorrows. That individual to whom I have

alluded, is now permitted to have the great privilege of testifying to this assembly the obligation he is under to Anniversary Meetings of the Bible society. O my lord, it is in proportion as we see the necessity of God's word for our own souls, that we shall be anxious to send it to others; it is in proportion as we see the necessity of something substantial to stand upon when the rotten, the flimsy foundation of our own strength is falling under us, that we shall be anxious and eager to send to those around us and to those belonging to us, that inestimable treasure which it is the object of this Society to circulate, and which God's Spirit has declared is able to make men wise unto salvation. I beg pardon of your lordship and the meeting for occupying your time, but I must be permitted to say, that I can not conceive any advantage afforded to us of greater magnitude than that of being permitted to join in a work like this in which we are engaged to-day, engaged without reference to sect, or name, or party, with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, both theirs and ours, in promoting the great and glorious work of extending to the north, and to the south, to the east, and to the west, the knowledge of that name which is above every name, of that name at which every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess to be Lord, to the glory of God the Father. As a member of the Hibernian Bible Society, I can not sit down without returning my sincere thanks to your lordship and this Society, for the very great, liberal, and necessary assistance which you have given to my country; and I perfectly agree with the noble Earl, that there is no part of

the world more likely to be benefited by such aid than the country to which I belong.

From the Glasgow Courier.

MUNGO PARK.

We have been favoured by a gentleman interested in African discovery, and who has travelled a considerable way into the interior of the southern part of northern Africa, with some notes regarding the death of our lamented countryman, Mr. Park. The narrative is drawn from a negro, a native of Yaourie, adjoining the spot where Park perished, and who witnessed what he relates. Considering every circumstance, the document is clear and satisfactory plain, and unadorned, without any thing that leads to a suspicion of its accuracy or to the intention of the negro to deceive; and in its most material features it is borne out by accounts obtained through other channels. The notes from which the following summary is drawn up were obtained in 1822.

Duncanno, a negro, was born at Bernie Yaourie. He was in the Pass about to be mentioned, to sell Collas, when he was seized by the Foulahs, carried off as a slave, and afterwards taken to the Gold Coast, where he was shipped on board a Portuguese slave ship as a seaman, and carried to Bahia, where he remained three years. He was employed in a Portuguese slave ship as a seaman, and returned to Africa in her during Gov. Maxwell's residence on the coast. Duncanno states, that he was in his native country, Birnie Yaourie 16 years ago, 1806, when Mr Park arrived there in a canoe, with two masts—no person landed. The canoe continued down the river,

with the travellers in her. The king of Yaouri, aware of their danger, sent off eight canoes after them, to warn them of it; and in one of the canoes sent a red cow, intended as a present to the white men. Mr. Park did not communicate with them but continued sailing onwards. The canoes followed; and at last Mr. Park, probably dreading hostile intentions, fired upon them, but fortunately did not kill any one. The canoes returned—but the king anxious for the safety of the traveller, again sent people to proceed after them, requesting them to stop, and he would show them the safe and proper passage in the channel of the river. The messengers could not however, overtake them. Park continued his voyage till the vessel got among the rocks off Boussa and was in consequence “broke.” Birnie Yaouri, is in Houssa, but Boussa is not. The latter is in the country called Burgoo, Birnie Yaouri, is by land, distant one day’s journey from Boussa, but by water, one day and a half. Duncanno described the place or pass, where the canoe was broke, to be like the cataracts in our mountains. The water ran with great force.—The canoe was carried rapidly along, and before they could see their imminent danger, it struck with violence on some rocks, and was dashed to pieces. The people of Boussa, stood upon the rocks projecting into the river desirous, if possible, to afford the white men assistance, but the catastrophe was so sudden, and the violence of the stream so great, that they could not reach them.—The break of the river on the rocks, is described as dreadful, the whirlpools formed appalling, and the agitation of the waters so great

as almost to raise the canoe on its end, and precipitate it stern forward into the gulf below it. At the moment when the vessel struck Mr. Park held something in his hand, which he threw into the water, just as the vessel appeared to be going to pieces. The “water was too bad,” so agitated that he could not swim, and he was seen to sink in it. There was “plenty” of other white men in the canoe, all of whom were drowned. The river there is as broad as from Le Fevre Point to Tagrin Point, Sierra Leone, or above four miles. There was a black man, a slave, who was saved from the canoe.—This black man spoke the Foulah language, and was a slave to a Foulah man. When Duncanno left Yaouri, this man was still in Boussa, but he knows nothing more of him.

Duncanno asserted positively that no person from Park’s vessel landed at Birnie Yaouri—that the black was the only individual saved, and that that man was left at Boussa. The people of Boussa went in canoes to this “bad place” in the river, where Park’s vessel was broken, and he was drowned, and some expert divers dived into the stream and picked up twelve pistols and two long muskets.—“Plenty of people” went out from Birnie Yaouri to Boussa, to see the wreck, after the king of Boussa had sent to the king of Yaouri to inform him of the disaster.—Park informed the black man who was in the boat, that in a week or two, he should carry him with the canoe, into a “great ocean,” where the water was salt!

Thus far the simple narrative. It bears the stamp of truth upon it, and it is impossible to reflect upon the catastrophe, without feelings

of the deepest sorrow and regret, at the loss of the enterprising traveller, when he was so near completing his labour, and reaping all the reward of his toils. Various accounts obtained through our present channel of information, agree in stating, that from below Boussa to Benin, the river is open and deep, and broad and navigable.

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Proceedings of the American Society.

It was announced in the sheet for September, that the Board of directors of the A. S. M. C. J. had under consideration the subject of an agency to Europe. At the meeting in November, to which the subject had been postponed, its consideration was resumed; when it was resolved that it is expedient to commission an agent to Europe without delay; and the Rev. Dr. Phillip Milledoler of this city was appointed to that office. It is not yet known whether he will accept the commission. The duties of the agent are stated in our number for September, and in our next we may give a more full detail of the minutes of the Board on this important subject.—*Israel's Advocate.*

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In the Jewish Expositor for September last, is an abstract of the Second Annual Report of the American Society for meliorating the condition of the Jews; and an extract from the Speech of the Rev. Dr. Griffin delivered at our anniversary. This, we believe, is the first time the London Society for Evangelizing the Jews has taken notice of us in their monthly publication. They begin to think our society an auxiliary in the great cause of conferring spiritual

VOL. I.

blessings on the descendants of Abraham, though our plan is essentially different from theirs.—

This is as it should be, and we with pleasure and approbation insert the concluding remarks in the article referred to, respecting our contemplated settlement. They are as follows, viz:— [1b.

“Doubtless the projected establishment should be regulated with extreme caution, and watched over with unceasing vigilance. It is not, as its enemies would represent, to pamper indolence and hypocrisy. It ought soon to be made to support itself, except so far as respects the education of Missionaries, and perhaps, while the colony is small, the maintenance of a minister. The expense of the passage from Europe should be provided for there. The establishment will not long be wanted for the Jews; but while it is, it will probably do good enough to outstrip, a million times, the value of the property, and afterwards it may be sold to transport the colonists to Palestine.”

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Isles of the Pacific.

We mentioned in our last the triumphs of the Gospel in the isles of the Pacific. The following particulars, respecting a visit of the missionaries at Raiatea, to these islands, are abstracted from the N. Y. Observer. In Aitutake, every marae in the island is destroyed and burned to ashes—all the remaining idols are in the hands of the teachers, and the profession of christianity is universal, even to a man—the sabbath is regarded as a sacred day—family prayers are very generally attended—several of the natives are now able to read and spell. The missionaries then visited Manglea, but

such was the savage conduct of the natives to the teachers and their wives that they were compelled to remove from the island. From Mangeea they sailed for Atui, and although the two pious men who had been left there a few months before had been unkindly treated by the natives, yet the missionaries, after visiting the king, and preaching, praying and conversing with him, persuaded him to burn the maraes, build a chapel and embrace christianity. He was then induced to accompany the missionaries to the islands of Mitaro and Mante, and by his assistance teachers were settled on the islands, and the gospel embraced by the natives. The missionaries then proceeded to Rarotonga, a large fine island with a numerous population, but the teachers intended to be left here, receiving similar treatment with those of Mangeea, they were removed—Papeiha, who they had taken from Aitutake, alone consenting to stay until further assistance could be afforded. Even here a small company of professors was gathered. Mr. Williams, in a letter to the directors of the London Society, dated Raitatea, Nov. 20, gives the following account of his visit.

“On the 10th of Oct. I left Raitatea, for the purpose of visiting our station at Rurutu. It was on Friday that we arrived, the day on which they have a meeting with all the baptized, when all were assembled in their chapel. I desired Mahamene to conduct the service as usual, without any regard to my being present. I was much delighted. He commenced service by giving out a hymn, which the congregation sung with much spirit. After reading and prayer, he took out his text book. His

address, though not methodical, was much to the purpose. Three natives then successively addressed the meeting. Each of them quoted several passages of scripture in the course of their addresses. After taking an affectionate leave we took the advantage of the night to run down to Rimatara. As soon as we were near the land, two canoes came off to inquire who we were, &c. From them we were rejoiced to hear that the people had embraced the gospel and had erected a large chapel. We got on shore as speedily as possible. The teachers and people expressed much pleasure at being visited. We walked up to the settlement where all the inhabitants are collected. Quite unexpectedly a fine large chapel presented itself to view, which does the teachers much credit.—I preached to the people from our Saviour's words, “Go into all the world,” &c. and Ooo concluded with prayer. The people appeared to be living together in the greatest unity. They have 130 children in school.”—*Oracle*

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HAYTI.—Emigration to Hayti (says the National Advocate) is progressing with unexampled rapidity; it is not a mere experiment, but vessel after vessel is despatched. It is expected that the ship Concordia will sail this day, with 160 coloured persons of both sexes. The Post says, that “six vessels at Philadelphia, one at Port Elizabeth, one at Alexandria, and several others at Baltimore, are on the eve of sailing for the same destination. It is calculated that between 3 and 400 of these persons will leave the United States within a few days, and that every fortnight additional numbers

will be shipped off under the direction of President Boyer's agent, who pays the expense of their transmission, by authority of the Haytien government. One hundred of those about to sail from this port, are from the state of New Jersey, and there can be no doubt that the great advantages held out, will induce the mass of this part of our population to withdraw from the country."

A vessel with 150 Colonists for Hayti, has sailed from New York. It is said the Haytien agent has engaged twelve vessels at Philadelphia and Baltimore, to convey other emigrants.—*N. Y. Statesman.*

The following discovery has been announced at Munich:—Lieutenant Hebenstreit has invented a process by which he makes a species of caterpillar spin a kind of wadding, which is of fine white colour, and water-proof. He made a baloon of this stuff, and raised it by means of a chafing-dish with spirits of wine, in the large ware house where he keeps his caterpillars at work. He makes them trace ciphers and figures in the wadding. He accomplishes this by moistening outlines of figures or letters with spirits of wine. The caterpillars avoid these tracings, and spin their web around them. Thus any fine figure which has been drawn is represented in the stuff. A peice of wadding seven feet square, perfectly pure, and as brilliant as taffeta, was made by about fifty caterpillars between the 5th and 26th of June.—*Ch. Adv.*

Advice to Young Clergymen.

Read more than you write, and copy more than you compose, for the first five years of your minis-

try. Let the fathers and the old divines of the last century be your study: make your common place book the treasury of your mind. I do not wish you to employ much of your time in reading modern divinity, as this for the most part consists of new nothings, wire drawn from old truths. I would rather advise you to dig for the pure ore in the mine, than content yourself with the current coin of the age. Let the Scriptures be your constant, as they will always prove your infallible test; make them the support of your principles, and they will always be the incontrovertible witness to your orthodoxy. For ever bear in mind you ought not to be preachers only, you must be teachers of your respective flocks; and oratory is to be cultivated rather as a useful auxiliary, than as an essential property. I am sorry to say, for the credit of the pulpit, and the sincerity of its hearers, that I have more frequently found popular preachers to be unsound divines, than sound divines to be popular preachers. Be faithfulness rather than fame your chief object; to the judicious part of your congregation this will always be acceptable; and it is too much to sacrifice your sincerity to those who seek amusement rather than instruction from the exercise of your sacred function.—*Bishop Bagot.*

Though few there be that care to be virtuous, yet fewer there are that would not desire to be accounted so.

The Rev. R. R. Gurley, Agent of the Colonization Society, arrived at Philadelphia a short time since from the coast of Africa. The colony at Cape Mensurado,

is represented as being in a prosperous condition. The Ashantees, whose previous habits have rendered them an object of great dread, are too far removed from Mensurado, to render the colonists uneasy. Ten or twelve persons have died since March last. Houses are erecting by the colonists;—a satisfactory government has been established:—and apportionments of land, which is of a fertile soil, have been made. All things were moving on harmoniously.—*Carlisle Adviser.*

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have adopted a plan for the formation of Associations and Auxiliaries, designed to render more efficient aid than the present system. It provides for *regularity* in making collections and transmitting them to the Board, and for personal solicitations at every house.—Collectors are to be appointed to call on the members of the Society, and the same plan adopted in all the auxiliaries which it is proposed shall be formed in every county or cluster of adjacent towns. The plan of the penny-a-week Associations in England, which have rendered such important aid to the charitable institutions of that country, is in general to be adopted and applied as far as circumstances will permit in this. Mr. Cannon has been employed to make arrangements for future remittances to the treasury of the Board.—*Ib.*

John Randolph and the Quaker.

A friend communicates the following anecdote:—A Quaker, being on a passage to N. York in the same steam boat with Mr. Randolph

took occasion to form an acquaintance with him. "I understand," said he, "thou art John Randolph." "Yes sir," he replied. "I have a high esteem for thy character save in one particular." And what is that? "While thou art a valiant defender of the rights of freemen, I am told thou dost retain thy fellow men in bondage!" Your charge is true, said Mr. Randolph, but what shall be done? thou must set them free." Well, I will make a proposition to you. I have a hundred slaves—I wish them to be happy. Now, if you will take them off my hands, and bind yourself to pay me their worth, only in case you do not place them in so good circumstances as they now are, they shall be yours. The Quaker did not expect this—he hesitated. Mr. Randolph then offered to give him ten days to consider on the subject. After a brief season, however, the Quaker declined the proposal.

Now there are two or three inferences to be deduced from this narration. 1. We at the north are too apt to condemn indiscriminately our southern brethren for holding slaves—when, to set them free at home would be certain insurrection, and when there are not the means for sending them abroad. 2. Are there not many liberal minded men in the southern states, who, like John Randolph, would give freedom to their slaves, were they sure of their being suitably provided for in a foreign country. 2. How important that the colony in Africa should be speedily taken under the patronage of government, or otherwise so sustained as to give confidence to all our citizens and to the blacks themselves. —*Telegraph.*

Rensselaer School.

The Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, with his characteristic liberality and benevolence, has lately established an institution at the north end of the city of Troy, for the purpose of instructing persons in the application of Science to the common purposes of life. The Rev. Dr. Blatchford, of Lansingburgh, has been appointed President; Amos Eaton, of Troy, Professor of chemistry and experimental philosophy, and lecturer on geology, land-surveying, and the laws regulating town-officers and jurors; and Lewis C. Beck, of Albany, Professor of mineralogy, botany and zoology, and lecturer on the social duties, peculiar to farmers and mechanics. A suitable apparatus, library, reading room, and other appurtenances will be provided. The students will be required to give experiments in turn, in order to familiarize them with the apparatus and the principles derived from books. The first term will commence in January next, and continue fifteen weeks. There can be no doubt, that this will become a useful institution, reflecting the highest credit upon the generous founder. —*N. Y. Statesman.*

Earthquake at Jerusalem.

A Constantinople article of the 11th Sept. says, "A severe earthquake is said to have taken place at Jerusalem, which has destroyed a great part of that city, shaken down the Mosque of Omar, and reduced the Holy Sepulchre to ruins from top to bottom." —*N. Y. Ob.*

Creek Indians.

We copy to day, from an Alabama paper, two highly interesting communications from the chiefs

head men, and warriors, of the Creek nation of Indians, who say they have, "on a deep and solemn reflection, determined, with one voice, not to sell one foot of their land, neither by exchange nor otherwise." They say they are fast progressing in the arts and civilization; and state, as a proof of it, that upwards of 30,000 yards of cloth have been manufactured by those, only, inhabiting the waters of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, during the past year. —*National Journal.*

The late Benjamin Smith, Esq. of Elizabethtown, has left in his will \$2,500, to endow a scholarship in the Theo. Sem. at Princeton.

Godly Sorrow.

Like water, the stream of sorrow ascends no higher than the fountain from whence it came. — If I mourn for sin, only because it hath wounded my soul, armed the whole course of nature against me and dispossessed me of what is valuable in this world, it is a sign that this stream of sorrow flows from a natural heart, for it ascends only to a natural height. But if I weep for sin, because it is offensive to God, because it hath wounded my Redeemer, because it required the blood of Jesus Christ, to expiate it, because it hath pierced the heart that loved me—then, doubtless, the spring of my sorrow is in heaven, for my grief for sin rises to a supernatural ascent. O thou spirit of power and holiness! That my sorrow may be found, pierce my heart for sin, because sin strikes through my soul, and pierces my Surety. Aid me to look upon him whom my sins have pierced, and to mourn and weep over them with true repentance.

Natural Religion.

"Go to your natural religion, lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has reviewed them in this scene, carry her into his retirement—show her the prophets chamber; his concubines and his wives: and let her hear him allege revelation and divine commission, to justify his adultery and lust.—When she is tired of this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble, meek, doing good to the sons of men. Let her see him in the most retired privacies, and let her follow him to the mount and hear his devotion and supplications. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross, let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors: *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.* When natural religion has thus viewed both, ask her, which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke and said, "Truly this man was the son of God."—*Sherlock.*

The Treasurer of the A. S. M. C. J. acknowledges the receipt of \$1094 43, in the month of November last.

A Hard Question.

If the reasonings of Universalists are conclusive against a *state of punishment* after death, may not the same or a similar mode of reasoning be conclusive against a *state of salvation* after death!—and thus lead us to adopt the old antisciptural tenet of the Sadducees, that there is no future state, either of rewards or punishment? —*Bost. Patriot.*

Contradictions in Scripture.

A Deist boasted to a preacher, that he could prove almost any thing by scripture, except that there was no God. The preacher immediately offered his assistance, saying, that also could be easily proved. And as the Deist appeared very anxious to know where such a passage might be found, the preacher opened the Bible at the fifty-third Psalm, and showed him the plain words,—“There is no God.” But on examining, the Deist found them connected with, “the fool hath said in his heart,” and replied, “that is dealing unfairly with the passage.” “Very true” said the preacher, “and so you must always do when you attempt to prove erroneous doctrine by scripture.

ILLUSTRATION OF ISAIAH,
XXVII. 5.

*Let him take hold of my strength
that he may make peace with me;
and he shall make peace with me.*

The Rev. Robert Hall, in his interesting Memoir of the late Rev. T. N. Toller, of Kettering, recently published, speaking of Toller's character as a preacher, makes the following observation:

“His most affecting illustrations (and the power of illustrating a subject was his distinguishing fa-

culty) were drawn from the most familiar scenes of life; and after he became a father, not unfrequently from the incidents which attach to that relation. An example of this will afford the reader some idea of the manner in which he availed himself of images drawn from the domestic circle. His text was Isa. xxvii. 5.—‘I think,’ said he, ‘I can convey the meaning of this passage, that every one may understand it, by what took place in my own family within these few days. One of my little children had committed a fault for which I thought it my duty to chastise him. I called him to me, explained to him the evil of what he had done, and told him how grieved I was that I must punish him for it. He heard me in silence, and then rushed into my arms, and burst into tears. I could sooner have cut off my arm than have then struck him for his fault: he had *taken hold of my strength*, and he had *made peace with me*.”

Ministerial Office.

What inestimable treasures are those committed to the trust of the stewards of God: the gospel of Christ, with all its amplitude of spiritual blessings; its doctrines and precepts; its instructions and privileges; its consolations here, and its glorious rewards hereafter;—these, all these, are the treasures committed to their trust: with which they are to “occupy till their Lord comes:” and which they may hope to be instrumental in conveying to the ends of the earth. Souls, too—immortal souls represented as forming a part, and O, how tremendous a part of this stewardship! Is it not then, an honourable and confidential ser-

vice? Let men of worldly feelings, principles and habits, if they will, pour contempt on that office which is sustained by the Christian Minister, as mean and despicable, as servile and dependent;—let them choose, if they will, a calling that opens a wider door to ambition and affluence; if a just estimate be formed of the nature of that office, it will be felt, that there is a sacred dignity attached to it, beyond which the highest archangel can not soar.

Advantages of Faith.

It is an unspeakable mercy to be believers in Jesus; for to such, all things are engaged and overruled to work for good. If they have health, it is well—if they are sick, it is well likewise—the Lord loves them when he gives, and he loves them when he takes away. Their comforts are blessings, for they are sanctified to them by his promises and by prayer—their trials are also blessings, for they are sent to wean them from the world, and to draw their hearts nearer to Himself. They afford them new proofs of His care over them, and of His power to support and deliver them. And though believers must suffer sometimes while here, the days of their mourning will soon be ended, and then all shall be well for ever.

Many plead for those opinions and notions, upon which they would be loth to venture their souls in a dying hour. I value more the judgment of a dying saint about justification, than all the wrangling disputes of learned men.

When sin is hell, Christ is heaven.

Men often go to God in duties,
with their faces towards the world ;
and when their bodies are on the
Mount of Ordinances, their hearts
will be found at the foot of the
hill going after their covetousness.

The present king of Persia made
many inquiries of Sir Hartford
Jones respecting America, saying,
"What sort of a place is it?
How do you get at it? Is it un-
der ground or how?"

There is such a contrariety be-
tween the spirit of this world, and
the spirit of Jesus Christ, that he
who will be at friendship with the
one, must be at enmity with the
other; "We cannot serve God
and mammon."

It is discreditable to American taste and
piety, that a book, which contains
such poetry as the following, has not
until recently been republished in the
United States:—Star.

From Wordsworth's "Excursion."

Oh, then, what soul was his, when on
the tops

Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light.—

He looked,

Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass, before him lay.
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds
were touched,

And in their silent faces he could read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his
life.

In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it ex-
pired.

No thanks he breathed, he proffered no
request;

Wrapt into still communion, which tran-
scends

The imperfect offices of prayer and
praise,

His mind was a thanksgiving to the Pow-
er
That made him; it was blessedness and
love.

How beautiful this dome of sky,
And the vast hill in fluctuation fixed
At thy command; how awful! Shall the
soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee,
Even less than these? Be mute who will,
who can,
Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned
voice,
My lips, that may forget Thee in the
crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here.

AFRICA.

Land of the wise! where science broke
Like morning from chaotic deeps,
Where Moses, holy prophet, woke,
Where Parsons, youthful martyr,
sleeps.

Land of the brave! where Carthage
rear'd
'Gainst haughty Rome, a warrior's
crest;
Where Cato, like a god revered,
Indignant pierced his patriot breast.

Land of the scorned, the exiled race!
Who fainting 'neath oppressive toil,
With never-ceasing tears retrace
Their palm-tree shade, their father's
soil.

Shall blest Benevolence extend
Her angel reign from sea to sea,
Nor yet one glance of pity bend
Deserted Africa! on thee!

And must thy brother's hatred find
A doom that nature never gave?
A curse that nature n'er designed?
The fetter—and the name of slave?

Haste! lift from Africa's wrongs the veil,
E'er the Eternal Judge arise,
Who lists the helpless prisoner's wail,
And counts the tears from misery's eyes.

Oh! e'er the flaming skies reveal
That frown which none can meet and
live,
Teach her before his throne to kneel,
And like the Savior pray—"Forgive."